THE DESTROYER.

A dwarfish thing of steel and fire;
  My iron nerves obey
The bidding of my crafty sire,
  Who drew me out of clay,
And sent me forth on paths untrod,
  To slay his puny clan;
A slave of hell, a scourge of God;
  For I was made by man.

When foul fog curtains droop and meet
  Athwart an oily sea;
My rhythmic pulse begins to beat;
  'Tis hunting time for me.
A breathing spell is hardly seen
  To stir the emerald deep,
As through that ocean jungle green
  I, velvet-footed, creep.

And lo! my prey, a palace reared
  Above an arsenal,
By lightning's viewless finger steered,
  Comes on, majestical.
The mists before her bows dispart;
  And 'neath that traitors' gate
The royal vessel, high of heart,
  Sweeps queenlike to her fate.

Too confident of strength to heed
  The menacing faint sound,
As from their leash, like bloodhounds freed,
  The snub torpedoes bound;
She does not note them quartering wide,
  Nor guess what lip is this
That presses on her stately side
  Its biting Judas kiss.

Till with a roar that frights the stars,
  Her crackling timbers rend,
And lurid smoke and flaming spars
  In one red storm ascend;
Whose booming thunder drowns the cries
  Of myriad souls in pain;
Where tossed on turbid waters lies
  My quarry, torn in twain.

—Edward Sydney Tyler.

Love and an Initiation

—:o:—

By KATE WENTWORTH.

AT last the Kappa Sigmas had succeeded in pledging Tom Rutherford to their fraternity, and a more strenuous pace than they had mapped out for him during his month of probation was yet to be imposed upon a U. of N. college man.

Rutherford had been rushed more than any man of the year, but he tactfully avoided affiliating himself with any fraternity until now. During the last few weeks the rush had been between the Kappa Sigma and the Sigma Chi boys, and much interest had been manifested in the result.

Now that his decision was made, Rutherford was relieved, but, like many another man in his position, he trembled at the thought of the month of probation he must serve to prove himself a good fellow, and worthy to wear a Kappa Sigma pin. He must be at the beck and call of the Kappas, coltheythey bade him he must do; whatever tahey bade him he must do; whatever they forbade him he must not do. He must stand the test, and no one could say that Tom Rutherford was unequal to it.

The rule of "tit for tat" governed the Kappas, and, in comparison as Rutherford was difficult to pledge, so should it be difficult for him to survive his probation. He merited his adoption, but he must substantiate his evidence.

One of the first duties his prospective "frat" brothers set for themselves was to ascertain whether or not Rutherford was afflicted with a malady of the heart—sentimentally, that is. They had observed symptoms of an affection before he pledged himself to them, and they straightway took steps to learn how serious the disorder had become.

Miss Isabel Lee was suspected of being the object of Rutherford's affections, although the young man was very quiet and uncommunicative when girls or girlology was in question. It was little information they elicited from him on the subject, which very fact made him the more desirable as a brother.

Not one of the Kappas could blame Rutherford for his addiction to Miss Lee. She was pretty, she was fascinating, she was altogether a girl after their own hearts; but—Rutherford was on probation.

As soon as the fraternity boys made certain that Miss Lee was Rutherford's inamorata they assiduously applied themselves to cultivate her acquaintance. To their secret gratification they discovered that on the third finger of a very pretty little hand Miss Lee wore a solitaire diamond, and that every time Rutherford's name was mentioned she glanced consciously toward it and blushed the prettiest pink imaginable.

That settled matters for Rutherford; he would be attacked in a vulnerable spot. He was called before a meeting and informed that an important requsite for eligibility in the Kappa Sigma fraternity was a whole heart, one undamaged by sentiment. In other words, no Kappa Sigma could become engaged or be in that state during his first year in the fraternity. Putting it plainly, they told Rutherford that he must break his engagement and deliver the ring into their keeping until they should see fit to return it.

Rutherford turned a few of the colors in the rainbow at first, then suddenly he remembered that he was on probation, that he was pledged to do their bidding. He was bound in honor to obey them.

That evening, escorted by a body of Kappas, he called on Miss Lee, and, while they waited out of doors for him, told her he must ask for his ring and release her from her promise to marry him. He could not bring himself to tell her that he did not love her, but he said something had arisen in his life to make it absolutely necessary that he break his betrothal vows to her. Those were the words the Kappas put into his mouth on the way there. Rutherford felt the cad he was acting in Isabel's eyes, but he was equal to the terms of his probation, whatever happened. Miss Lee, dignified as he had never seen her before, said little, but she could not hide the expression of utter astonishment and incomprehensibility in her eyes, and—yes, there was sorrow and disappointment, too. Rutherford saw it beneath the pride. He felt that he had never loved her so much.

From that night he led the busiest life he had ever imagined possible. He carried the Kappas' books, he ran errands for them, he translated their Greek and Latin, he was dressed in outlandish costumes and made to parade the streets; he even had to clean boots and press clothes for the fraternity men. But never once did he waver from his cause. Perhaps it was well that his hours were fully occupied or he might have permitted his thoughts to turn Isabel Lee-ward.

Rutherford had just one week more of probation, and he had won the approval of every prospective fraternity brother. He was still running a merry pace to their driving, and he began to wonder what was in store for him at initiation. He fancied that the climax would be exciting—for him, at least. After initiation he knew the first thing he would do, and it did not take him many minutes to decide what that was, either. He would see Isabel and try to explain his attitude; he dared not think she would refuse to sympathize with his cause.

The Kappa Sigmas did not let time hang heavily on Rutherford's hands during the last week. Two nights before initiation they informed him that he must go down to Don's, a cafe frequented by students, and act as waiter for the evening. He was not to recognize any one, and he was to accept tips in compliance with the custom of his assumed position, which tips, furthermore, were to be added to the "frat" funds.

Rutherford, dressed in the waiter's garb, which his friends had secured for him, was clumsily handing out club sandwiches and coffee, salads, oysters on the half shell, pie, and milk shakes, when a number of the Kappas came noisily into Don's. He took their orders without a sign of recognition, even if he did forget napkins and place the knives on the left of the plates. The Kappas, when his back was turned, nodded approval in his direction. Rutherford was all right—so far, they intimated.

Presently the door swung open and, smiling and pretty in theatre attire, Miss Isabel entered, escorted by a Kappa Sigma, who quietly recognized his "frat" brothers. They sat down before Rutherford, who was deep in the mysteries of concocting a French salad, saw them. When he looked up his eyes met those of Isabel Lee. For a moment she stared at him to make sure of his identity; then, without a sign of recognition, turned to her escort. Rutherford did not hear the questions that she put to the Kappa, but he felt instinctively that they were of him. He wondered whether the fellow would tell her. If not, Isabel would think that he had reached the bottom of his financial resources. Perhaps she would think that was the reason he had asked for his ring—that he might realize on it. It was almost too much for Rutherford, but he set his teeth and took their order. She spared him as much embarrassment as possible, and ate as little and as quickly as she could. He heard her catch her breath as he quietly accepted the quarter tip from her companion. When he held her coat and slipped her warm fur about her neck she looked at him with an expression which said, "What does it all mean?" And he could not tell her. Would it be too late when he could?

Never had the Kappa Sigma boys been so glad to welcome a man to initiation into their midst as they did Tom Rutherford. He had stood the hardest test they could invent. They were not without an appreciation of what they had done to him. They had taken his sweetheart from him and humiliated him before her, but he had not been disconcerted.

A brief ceremony of initiation was performed before it was announced to Rutherford that now, as a full-fledged member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity, he must ride the proverbial goat and go through the numerous perilous feats which accompany initiation. It must be admitted that Rutherford shook a little inwardly. Outwardly he he was as calm as a woman at her third wedding.

They blindfolded him, turned him around three times, and raised him to the shoulders of six men, who carried him out of doors and through several streets for some fifteen minutes. Rutherford was wondering where he was and what was to be the outcome when he was suddenly put upon his feet and told to stand still. The Kappas rang a door bell and quickly disappeared, leaving Rutherford standing alone.

In a moment he heard a door open and felt a warm little hand drawing him within. Snatching the bandage from his eyes, he looked down at Isabel, blushing and happy, and then—well, he just took her in his big, strong arms, and said all manner of things he had not had time even to think of for a month.

"Who told you?" he asked her after a while.

"The boys, of course," she answered, nestling her head against his coat. "And see what they gave me," she said, holding up her left hand.

"And you'll wear it again?" he cried. "Oh, Isabel, this is the most glorious initiation man ever had."—Philadelphia Ledger.

IN SPAIN

Safest Country in the World For Women to Travel In.

"There is no country under the sun where you can travel with such perfect safety as in Spain," said Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson, at the Tuileries yesterday morning. "I have been all over that country and found the Spaniards such men of honor and chivalry as to make constant travel within their domain a pleasure and impossible of danger."

Mrs. Woolson was speaking of Toledo and Madrid, with its famous Gothic churches and works of art. The Cathedral of Toledo, she urged, was a veritable storehouse of art treasures and souvenirs of Spanish history, and to be familiar with its interior is a liberal Spanish education in itself. Even the chairs of the cathedral, carved in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, each contains a story in its workmanship.

In Spain the Government spends hundreds of thousands of dollars annually to preserve its Gothic structures and works of art, whereas in other countries little is done in that direction. There is in Spain no expenditures too lavish for the preservation of these historic relics of past grandeur.

One wishes when in Toledo, said the speaker, to be immortal and live for eternity, so as to be able to learn all the marvelous art and history and beauty that are bound up in its walls. The heart of Spain, however, is in Madrid, and every Spaniard contributes to the glory of that interesting city.

Mrs. Woolson's enthusiasm ran high, and her well known admiration gave expression in her words: "I challenge the world to produce a more interesting city than Madrid, when you know it." To those who just slip in and out of that city, she said, little interest manifests itself, but to the student of history no more educational centre exists.—Boston Herald.

Japan's Children.

There are no unkind parents in Japan, and practically no naughty little girls and boys at all. Of course, boys will be boys and girls will be girls even in Japan, as Baron Hayashi, the Japanese Minister, smilingly admitted when speaking on the subject.

"But we have," he said, "an unwritten system of training children which makes our homes happy. As soon as a child can be reasoned with he is taught to understand that the love and care his parents give him must be met with love and respect. In fact, the love of grown-ups for children and the respect of children for grown-ups are two ideals of our national life.

"But then, Japanese parents are proverbially devoted. Many are the tales of their devotion. There is one as well known in our country as that about George Washington in America.

"It records that a Japanese little girl, smelling a savory odor coming from a wealthy neighbor's house, asked what it meant. Her mother answered that the neighbors were cooking a chicken for their children's dinner. Thereupon, the child begged for a chicken, too. 'Alas!' said the mother, 'we are too poor.'

"When dada came home the child asked him with tears why they were too poor to afford chicken. Without a word the father collected some of the household things, pawned them, and returned with the desired chicken."—London Daily Mail.

No Nonsense.

Uncle John Martin, well known here, resident of his handsome home on West Antietam, is a veteran of the Civil War and a soldier of cool nerve and courage.

Last night he went to the City Hotel and a couple of his teeth hurt him, and he said to a plumber who was taking an internal bath: "Lend me your pliers," and the plumber had not his with him. Then Mr. Martin, suddenly remembered that he had his with him, and so turning his face to the wall, he anchored on to the nearest grinder with the steel, and with a shake of the head and long, strong jerk was rid of the tooth. It was very tight.—Hagerstown (Md.) Mail.

Socialism continues to spread mightily in Europe. Anything is preferable to what they have in Europe.

Does Money-Making Pay?

By Herbert N. Casson

"I GUESS God doesn't care much for money," said a little girl to her mother. "Just see the kind of people He gives it to."

The money-maker is no longer the wonderful man that he used to be. He has become too common to be conspicuous, and his methods have been found out too often for him to be praised, as he once was.

There have been so many Whittaker Wrights—rich and respectable to-day and poor and disrespectable to-morrow—that we are somewhat suspicious of the money-maker. We ask, who will be the next to stand in the dock and swallow a poison tablet?

Even the money-maker himself is sick of his job and himself. He has discovered that even millions have to be paid for.

The more his money goes up, the more his real satisfaction goes down. He finds that his friends have either left him or been changed into flunkeys.

He has no privacy. He has no freedom. He is like a man doomed forever to live in a suit of armor.

He has built up a great business organization, and now he finds that he is inside of it and cannot get out.

The pains of dyspepsia, he finds, are not much of an improvement upon the pains of starvation. He discovers that wealth does not bring security, as most people foolishly imagine. In fact, he feels as if he were surrounded by enemies who watch for a chance to snatch away his millions.

Mr. Rockefeller's wealth has become so great that it is an absurdity. The spectacle of one little human biped running the only oil shop in a world, where there are 1,500,000,000 other bipeds, is too ridiculous to be true very much longer.

Mr. Carnegie, too, has become one of the comic figures of American life. He is now the Sisyphus of money-makers. What a fate for a man—to be a believer in the "simple life" and the "blessings of poverty," and yet not to be able to give his money away as fast as it comes in!

No; money-making is not what it used to be. It has become "stale, flat and unprofitable." It used to be a pleasure, but it has become a compulsion. It used to be a sort of recreation between wars, hundreds of years ago; but to-day it is a tedious drudgery.

Once upon a time, when America was first discovered, money-making was a grand adventure. Soldiers gave up war and became money-makers—a long step in advance. It is a great deal more moral and civilized to take a man's money than to take his life.

When Cortes, the Spanish explorer, captured Mexico, in 1519, he got possession of more gold and silver than any man had ever owned before. He threw great chunks of solid gold into his ships for ballast. When he arrived home he unloaded glittering hillocks of gold and silver on the docks, and set all Europe wild with the craze for money.

It was this hunger for gold and silver that brought the first colonist to this country. America used to be a Klondike and New York was a Dawson City.

But we have played the money-making game for several hundred years and we have become tired of it. It does not interest us any longer. We play it only because we are obliged to do what the others do.

What we call business is for the most part a game of "ring-around-a-rosy." We serious, grown-up people stand in a circle, take money from our righthand neighbor with one hand and pass it to our lefthand neighbor with the other.

It would be very amusing if we were not obliged to play it oftener than one day a week, or two months a year; but when we are compelled to stand in the same old line every day, no amount of success in money-making can make it seem worth while.

In short, human life is now so valuable that we cannot afford to trade much of it for money.—New York Evening Journal.

The Man Every Girl Wants to Marry

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

WHAT is he like, the man every girl wants to marry?

What are the qualities and attributes that make him the all-conquering hero he proclaims himself to be?

Of course, not loudly, as some bar-room boaster might, but with the air of half-blushing deprecation with which he tells his very latest adventure to an interested and seemingly sympathetic woman.

There are few men who have not deep down in their hearts an abiding belief in their power to fascinate women. Some fellow may be handsome, thinks he is the man every girl wants to marry, as he adjusts his ready-made tie before his hall bedroom mirror; others are richer, and still others of sprightlier mien and conversation, but when it comes to girls, he is a winner. They all want to marry him. Why? Modesty forbids that he answer you.

Ask golden-haired Flossie, who smiled at him so significantly when last night at parting he pressed her hand.

Ask the daughter of the boarding house, whose brown eyes peep through the parlor curtains each evening between 5 and 6—watching for him, of course. Poor little girl. She thinks he does not know she is there, and he will not spoil the illusion.

Ask the fair and vivacious deity who presides over the cash register in his quick-lunch place down town. Ask her or watch how inevitably her fingers touch his as he shoves his meal check over the irresponsive counter.

Ask the winning little telephone central in his office building, who has almost as many calls on her affections as she has on her keyboard, and yet knows and responds to his voice from whatever quarter of the city he calls her up.

What a nice girl she was, with such—not exactly pretty—but small daintily shod feet. If only he would think it worth his while to fall at them and declare his passion, how sure he would be of being told to rise, her knight forever.

And meantime golden-haired Flossie is probably giving her dearest friend an imitation of his lisp, the fair daughter of the boarding-house is dreaming of the dashing stranger who lives across the street and smiles over at her windows every evening on his way home, the lunch-counter girl is flirting with the nice old gentleman who forgets his change, the telephone central is telling the man who takes her out to luncheon what she ate with the man who takes her out to dinner, and the heiress has already forgotten there is such a man in the world. But the man every girl wants to marry knows that they all want to marry him, nevertheless.—New York World.

Spinsters and Matrimony

By Agnes Repplier

THAT she should be censured for laying claim to what is truly hers seems unkind and irrational—a tyranny of opinion. Marriage is a delightful thing; but it is not, and never can be, a duty; nor is it as a duty that men and women have hitherto zealously practiced it. The outcry against celibacy as a "great social disease" is louder than the situation warrants. It is an echo of an older protest against the deferring of the inevitable wedding day; against the perverse "boggling at every object," which Burton found so exasperating a trait in youth, and which La Bruyere calmly and conclusively condemns. "There is," says the French moralist, "a time when even the richest women ought to marry. They cannot allow their youthful chances to escape them, without the risk of a long repentance. The importance of their reputed wealth seems to diminish with their beauty. A young woman, on the contrary, has everything in her favor; and if, added to youth, she posseses other advantages, she is so much the more desirable."

This is the simplest possible exposition of the masculine point of view. It is plain that nothing is farther from La Bruyere's mind that the possibility of a lifelong spinsterhood for even the most procrastinating heiress. He merely points out that it would be more reasonable in her to permit a husband to enjoy her youth and her wealth simultaneously.—Harper's Bazar.